

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS

CLYDE FITCH's comedy, "The Girl With the Green Eyes," tells the story of a young bride who, by her groundless suspicions, makes all sort of trouble for herself and others, and especially for her devoted young husband, who incurs her mistrust in his endeavor to save her brother from the consequences of his own folly. Of course everything is settled happily in the end. Miss Clara Bloodgood appears as the green-eyed girl, and a number of experienced performers are included in the long cast.

FRENCH JOURNALISTS are indefatigable in inventing anecdotes. The "Paris Gaulois" informs its readers that when Mascagni had his recent troubles in Boston he posted this notice on his door: "Persons who wish to arrest Signor Pietro Mascagni are requested to sign their names and take a number. No preferences granted."

GEORGE ALEXANDER has obtained the English rights of "Alt-Heidelberg."

WAGNER relates in "Des Virtuosi und der Kunstler" how the Parisians endured a performance of Mozart's "Don Juan" which obviously bored them to death, but for which amends were made by the trill which the great Rubini sang. It takes him a whole page to describe this trill, and the frantic applause it evoked; and he closes with these words: "The trill was solved; it was to hear this trill that the audience had gathered, had endured for two long hours the absence of all the usual operatic delicacies, had forgiven Grieg and Lachner for having given serious attention to such music, and was now fully consoled for its irritations by that one wonderful moment when Rubini sprang up to the high B flat."

AN ARMY BRIDE—ROMANCE AND RIVALRY AT A FRONTIER FORT—By Lieut. JOHN LLOYD.

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Nina Wentworth, dark and beautiful, a New York belle of two seasons, is visiting her cousin, Mary Marcy, blonde and pretty, at Fort Buchanan, in Arizona, where Mary's father, Colonel Marcy, is in command. Mary is loved by Lieutenant Hecker, a handsome, dashing officer, who at the same time is carrying on an intrigue with a Mexican girl and with Mrs. Savage, wife of a rich and rather vulgar mine owner of Tombstone. She is also loved by Captain Adair, a brave but rather shy man, who finds, however, that all his customary difficulties vanish when in Nina's presence. Hecker gives a dance at his quarters, to which comes Mrs. Savage, to find herself cut out by Nina, who, however, prefers Adair. Strutting in his uniform in the moonlight, she looks up at his face and he folds her to his breast. Adair is away for three weeks, and, returning, happens to meet Nina in Tombstone, whither she and other ladies have gone to attend a party given by Mrs. Savage. Adair announces that he is ordered on active service against the Indians. Nina is in despair. She consents to an immediate marriage. Nina thinks that if they are married Adair will leave the army immediately. Adair has no such idea. They go to a "canyon man," whose son, under the name of "Melish," is serving as an enlisted man at the "Messiah" has a bad record in private life, but has made himself useful to Lieutenant Hecker. He desires Adair's promotion to sergeant. He is visiting his father, who Adair and Nina come to be married, and is an unseen witness of the ceremony. Adair and Nina ride to the fort by moonlight. They are attacked by Apaches. Adair is about to shoot Nina to save her from a worse fate, but is himself shot by an Indian. Waking up six weeks later in the hospital at the fort, he learns of the rescue of himself and Nina. He is the soldier, and that Nina has gone East. He is about to write her a letter when Mary Marcy and Mrs. Acton call to see him.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

Adair's Awakening.

"We have been trying to come to see you for days," Mary said, "but papa said you were not well enough; and here I come in and find you writing letters."

"Not letters—but a letter."

"A very important one it must be."

"It is."

Adair looked at her with meaning. He hoped Nina had told her, any way. He had always heard that girls told each other everything. But Mary made no sign.

"Did you have a pleasant time at the springs?" he went on.

"Indeed we did. We found ever so many people there we knew, or at least that Nina knew. She finally went off home with some New Yorkers, who had been seeing the Yellowstone, and came to New Mexico because she was there. Nina is very much liked."

"Is she—quite well again?" Adair asked hesitatingly. The blood came up into his thin cheeks, and tingled along the backs of his hands.

"Yes, quite," Mary said, briskly. She arose and went to the window and looked out. "She was so sorry not to see you again before she went away."

There was a slightly embarrassed note in Mary's voice, but Adair was not quick enough to detect it.

"She had a terrible fright, that awful night."

"But she recovered at once?"

"No-o. It was hours before she became entirely conscious," Mrs. Acton broke in. "Now do not worry Mr. Adair with going over that story again. He is coming over to stay with me, and we can talk about all those things. Tell him about that pretty Miss Wells who is coming to visit you next month." And Mrs. Acton went off into the fields of gossip.

"Dear me," Mary said, as she went away. "Let me gather up your papers; the breeze has scattered them all over."

That night as Adair lay, his lips drawn into a line, looking at the let-

tered he had finally written to Nina, and wondering if he had put into it the heart-break he felt, the longing, Mary was giving her father his afternoon coffee.

"What did you tell him?" the colonel asked.

"What could I do? I said she had sent her regards to him, and was sorry not to see him again. I couldn't tell him. And, papa—I feel dreadfully at having seen it, but I am afraid—it isn't so bad for Adair as we thought. I am afraid I stumbled upon a great secret today. When I went in, Captain Adair had begun a letter. It was lying on a magazine on the bed. The wind blew it off, and I picked it up. Papa—the beginning was, 'My dear wife.'"

The colonel dropped his cup, and the warm steam ran all over his fresh duck uniform. He sipped at it with his napkin, but his eyes, incredulous, were on Mary's face.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! What are you saying? Adair has no wife. What in the mischief would a man like Adair be doing with a wife that he had not introduced to the regiment? You were mistaken in what you saw."

"Maybe I saw," said Mary, obstinately, "but I saw what I saw. There it was as plain as print—'My dear wife,' in Captain Adair's own writing; and when I went in he said he was writing an important letter."

"I know better," said the colonel, crossly and loudly.

"Very well, I suppose you do, papa, but I know what I saw. I don't care if Captain Adair has twenty wives. It's of no consequence to me; only I am glad that that little affair with Nina is all cut off."

"I meant to tell him the whole story," the colonel said, "but if you were right I shall do nothing of the sort. But I don't believe it, I want you to understand that."

"No, my old dear," Mary said to herself, "you don't believe it, but you are going to act as though you did. And I know it's true."

CHAPTER IX.

"My Pretty Pancha."

"Melish," Lieutenant Hecker said, standing upon his own veranda with his package of morning mail in his hand, "I am going to ride down toward the Mexican border tonight, and I am going to take you along. See that the horses are here about 4 o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

Ronan was lounging up the steps, his hat brim pulled down to shade his black eyes from the sun.

"Going down to leave a P. P. C. on pretty Pancha?" he inquired with languid interest.

"I may get down that far. Come inside."

There was a wide open fireplace in the large room of Hecker's house. It had been built for cheer and comfort on the nights when the cold winds would come rushing down the steep, snowclad mountains that hedged in the canyon. A cheery little blaze came up from the handful of twigs in the center of the great hearth, although the windows were open and the rose vine on the veranda still held a few late blossoms. Hecker threw his letters on the table and his finger cap after them. Ronan sat down in a high leather chair and spread his feet in perfect ease.

"Got any cigarettes?"

"There's a box up there with a few in it."

Ronan lifted the box down and examined the contents critically.

"You've been down to see Pancha lately, eh?"

"Why?"

plans of Director Gailhard of the Opera, and it is now definitely announced that "Rheingold" will be produced next fall with Van Dyck as Loge.

"THE CAVALIER" is prospering steadily at the Criterion Theater, New York city. According to the critics the piece, without the pervading personality of Julia Marlowe, would not amount to much, but, with it, provides a variety of humorous and emotional entertainment.

FANNY BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER recently fought down a wild demonstration at one of the Lamoureux concerts in Paris. As set forth in The Times, the attack was accepted as a protest against the employment of an American. The following note from a Paris musical journal puts a new face on the matter:

"It appears that some of the anti-pianoforte demonstrators at a recent Lamoureux concert in Paris were taken into custody and haled before the police authority. 'What do you complain of?' demanded the court. 'Is it the pianist, the concerto, or M. Saint-Saens, its composer?' 'Not the last in the world,' was the reply; 'we will have no more concertos; they shall not be forced upon us any longer, especially by blows. We don't want any more virtuosos at grand concerts. It is not to be permitted that between two symphonies such as those in the program we should be compelled to suffer half an hour of acrobatic pianism, which has nothing in common with music.' In all probability the demonstrators were friends of the vaudeville musicians who recently struck, and with whom Saint-Saens refused to sympathize."

MAETERLINCK is writing a play for Martin Harvey, which the latter will produce soon after his return to England.

A LANCASHIRE MUSICIAN who calls himself a "professional song-writer" has recently made a most generous offer to "any lady or gent. artist." "I will forward," he states, "for P. O. S. a song of any description (words, music, and rights), and if not of A1 order will immediately refund money. Bright, catchy music set to author's own words, 1s. Satisfaction guaranteed." What more could any lady or gent. artist desire?

COUNTLESS CLANCARTY, formerly Belle Bilton of music hall fame, who now lives almost the entire year on her husband's estates in Ireland, is said to be even more beautiful than on her wedding day. When Earl Clancarty insisted on marrying the stage beauty his father fought the match bitterly, but there seem to be none but happy results of the marriage. Three children have been born to them—Lord Kilconnel, the heir; the Hon. Robert Trench, and quite recently a daughter, Lady Clancarty care little for society and, apparently, prefers a life of semi-seclusion to the gayeties which attended her as one of "the ladies of the theater."

The Countess of Clancarty was the first of the three actresses now perceres to win her title. She stepped from London music halls into the peerage, not only of Ireland, but of the Netherlands. Her husband holds the Dutch marquisate of Heusden. A number of chorus girls and players have married younger sons of peers, but only three lords—the Earl of Orkney, the Marquis of Headfort, and the Earl of Clancarty—have taken their wives from the stage. The Countess of Clancarty is of Welsh extraction, and, were her husband not so universally called by his title, she would be known as Mrs. William Frederick de Poor Trench. The Trenches are French by birth. Their estates lie principally in the County Galway, Ireland, where is also the famous Trench picture gallery. Both the earl and countess go in for hunting, steeplechasing, horse-breeding, and traveling.

PROF. PUGNO appears to be the lion of the musical season, so far as the pianoforte is concerned. He is certainly the most interesting of the pianists who have appeared here this season, and is an artist whom one cannot hear too often, especially as he lives in Paris, and does not give us a chance to admire his playing every year.—New York Evening Post.

"I know the origin of these cigarettes. A Mexican girl manufactured them. Oh, Hecker, Hecker, what a lack of sentiment is yours. To give away such a token."

And, putting one between his lips Ronan looked about for a match, shaking his head sadly.

Hecker looked over his mail and then, unlocking his desk, took out of its untidy recesses a handful of letters and began reading them over. Now and then a sheet would be read, smiled or frowned over, torn across, and pitched into the fire.

"A pyre?" Ronan asked.

"Something of the sort. My long leave came today, and I am getting my house in order; or, rather, I am getting the other fellow's house in order. It's hardly likely that I shall come into these quarters on my return."

"Where are you going?"

"Can't say. Home to Ohio first, of course, to see the family, and then to New York, I suppose. Everybody goes to New York."

"Is Miss Wentworth in New York now?"

"I really can't say," Hecker said shortly, snapping rubber bands about the piles of letters he meant to keep.

"I'm not the best man that ever lived," Ronan said.

"Well, no," Hecker said, looking at him critically. "I wouldn't call you that exactly—but don't worry; you're a pretty decent fellow as the world goes."

Ronan arose and kicked the burning twigs together.

"But I'll be hanged if I could ever make love to three women at the same time."

"I can," said Mr. Hecker, with some pride.

He was so good-natured, so ready to lend a hand at the recital of his own inequities, to exaggerate his own weaknesses, so light hearted and big and boyish, that Ronan always ended by laughing at him and forgiving him with the readiness of his own lavish nature.

That night the courtyard of the Lopez hacienda was dark. The lanterns

to be continued tomorrow and every week day until completed.

TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.

HERRICK IN THE RACE FOR GOVERNOR TO STAY

Action of Senator Hanna and Dick Will Not Affect His Decision.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Dec. 31.—No matter whether Dick stays in the gubernatorial race or drops out, Col. Myron T. Herrick is in it to stay, and will make the contest, no matter what Senator Hanna may say or do. This decision was reached yesterday, and a formal announcement will be forthcoming in a few days.

Dick is still waiting to make up his mind. If he enters the race, it means that Douglas of Chillicothe, Harding of Marion, Daugherty of Washington Court House, and perhaps several more with gubernatorial bees in their bonnets will enter the fight. Senator Hanna is anxious to prevent this, but fears to take a stand for or against either Dick or Herrick.

PENNSYLVANIA PASTOR CRAZED BY "EVOLUTION"

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 31.—The Rev. S. B. Wengert, pastor of the United Brethren Church, at Schuylkill Haven, and one of the best known clergymen in this part of the State, has become violently insane.

He lost his mind while pondering over Darwin's book on "Evolution," and is now confined to a room in the parsonage, with a guard placed over him. Arrangements are being made to take him to a State asylum.

NO CHARGE OF FRAUD AGAINST BANK PRESIDENT

Report to That Effect Denied by John Armistead, Head of the Memphis Mercantile Bank.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 31.—President John Armistead, of the Memphis Mercantile Bank, today denied a report sent out from Jackson, Miss., that he would go to Mississippi to stand trial on a charge of embezzlement, pending against him in that State in connection with borrowing money in the hands of the State treasurer.

Further than this denial, he would have nothing to say, but a close friend of his gave out the statement that Governor-elect Frazer of Tennessee would no more be willing to give extradition papers than was Governor McMillin.

REPORT THAT PRINCE HENRY WILL VISIT ST. LOUIS TRUE

BERLIN, Dec. 31.—The foreign office has confirmed the report that Prince Henry of Prussia will probably visit the St. Louis Exposition. The date of his proposed visit has not been fixed.

SPECIAL MINISTRY TO BE FOUNDED AT POSEN

BERLIN, Dec. 31.—It is announced that a special ministry for West Prussia will shortly be founded at Posen, with an object of overwhelming the Polish propaganda and inaugurating the Kaiser's new Polish policy.

"THE MESSIAH" SUNG BY THE CHORAL SOCIETY

A Seasonable Offering Heard By a Large Audience.

The Choral Society performed Handel's oratorio of "The Messiah" at the First Congregational Church last night, following a custom which now obtains in many parts of the world of offering this composition as an incident to the Christmas season. Its appropriateness was manifested yesterday evening in many ways—in the attendance of a large audience; in the careful attention given by the choir to the words of the oratorio as well as to its music; in the spontaneous rising of those in the audience with the first notes of the "Hallelujah" chorus; in a general attitude of reverence and earnestness throughout the auditorium which can be compared only with that of a congregation at a great church festival.

This excellent organization, the Choral Society, has now presented "The Messiah" sixteen times, and given sixty-five concerts. In one or two instances, notably the performance of the Manzoni "Requiem," it has attained a standard of choral music which any succeeding body will find it almost impossible to surpass. For all such concerts, indeed, for its every effort, the community stands much in debt to the Choral Society and its most capable directors—Joseph Kasper, Dr. Anton Gloeitner, Ernest Winchester, William Bruce King, and others—and owes it continued and hearty support. Interested in music as the city now is, all the concerts by soloists, orchestras, and extra companies the season might hold, would not atone for the loss of such offerings as "The Messiah," "The Creation," and "St. Paul."

In view of these facts it is particularly regrettable to record that last night's concert did not reach the high plane of the society's earlier performances. Two or three choruses were admirably done. The soloists were, on the whole, satisfactory. None of the shortcomings were so marked as to disturb the attitude of the audience. But the execution of the work was in many respects unsatisfactory.

Mrs. Hissom DeMoss, the soprano, sang well enough to arouse something akin to enthusiasm, but her voice was sadly inadequate to her task. Mr. Nicholas Douy, a particular favorite in Washington, sang the tenor part earnestly enough, no doubt, but the effect was labored in the extreme. Mr. Ericsson Pushnell, the bass, sang as well as ever he does, and gave general pleasure, but his performance was not at all notable. The best voice of the quartet was that of Mrs. Dorothy Pollock, the alto, and the alto part is the weakest of the four. It is not necessary to indicate particularly the shortcomings of the chorus. "The Messiah" is a work which depends chiefly on its choral numbers—several of them will almost sing themselves—and last night they affected the audience manifestly.

The remaining concerts of the society include a performance of "St. Paul," February 10, a recital by Anton Van Rooy, March 13, and the performance of "The Creation" April 21. In the interest of music in Washington The Times speaks the cordial support of the community for each of these.

A. D. A.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB CONCERT

Collegians Please Audience at the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church.

After having completed a successful tour through Camden, N. J.; Philadelphia, and Baltimore, the Wesleyan University Glee and Mandolin Clubs, of Middletown, Conn., arrived in Washington last evening and gave an entertaining concert at the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, corner Fourth and A-half and C Streets northwest. The entertainment was given under the auspices of the Epworth League.

The program consisted of two parts and opened with some Wesleyan songs sung by members of the glee club. The mandolin club then gave "Tamoza," which was followed by a clarinet solo by H. E. Van Sordam. This was one of the features of the evening and received an encore. Selections from "King Dodo" by the mandolin club and "Far Above the Stars," by Messrs. Smith, Stowe, and Newell, ended the first part. All the numbers were well received.

The second part opened with a song by the glee club entitled "We Know," which elicited an encore, as did the "Bridal Rose Overture," by the mandolin club. These were followed by two college songs by the glee club, "Come, Raise a Song" and "Ode to the Son," written by alumni of the university.

H. H. Smith, the baritone soloist of the club, sang several songs in a pleasing manner and was repeatedly encored. The final number was the "Heidelberg Students' Song," a selection from "Prince of Pilsen," by the combined clubs.

The young men of the Wesleyan clubs were entertained by members of the church while in town. G. T. Ames, of New York, who is manager of the clubs, will take his ministrals to Morristown, N. Y., for tonight and to Northport, L. I., for a concert Friday evening.

LEAPED FROM WINDOW IN VIEW OF CROWDS

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 31.—Attracted by the unusual sight of a man standing on the sill of a third-story window wildly waving his arms, nearly a hundred persons collected in front of 1343 North Hancock Street last night and tried to prevent the man from jumping.

The man was Isaac Wolf, twenty-two years old, a boarder in the Hancock Street house. While suffering from a nervous attack, brought on by loss of sleep, he climbed out of the window and, suddenly, with a loud cry, he jumped to the street. When he was picked up he was bleeding from several cuts on the head, and was severely bruised on the body, but his condition is not considered serious.

CHRISTMAS SEASON AT ELEANORA RUPPERT HOME

Aged Inmate Writes for The Times a Story of Good Cheer.

Her faculties unimpaired by age, her life one of contentment and peace, one of the inmates of the Christian and Eleanora Ruppert Home, has written for The Times the appended account of the Christmas festivities at that haven of refuge for those upon whom Father Time has placed a heavy hand.

The story of the simple, happy observances of the day of days is a remarkable one when one considers that it was written by a woman over eighty years of age. It follows:

On an eminence commanding a view of Washington, unrivaled in any direction, imposing in structure, diffusing an air of cheer and hospitality as its massive doors swing wide to admit the guest or the weary wayfarer—stands the "Christian Ruppert Home." At its base flows the Potomac—widening on its way—leading a charm to the scene. Sheltered by sloping woodlands, made musical in summer by the songs of birds, now clothed in winter's white drapery as becomes the Christmas tide. This is the Ruppert Home, but the exterior only.

To understand its true value one must enter and learn the perfect methods upon which it is conducted—its unflinching spirit of charity, kindness and justice to all beneath its roof. It is the home ideal among its kind, and, considering its brief existence, is a marvel of success. But what less could be expected when it is known who stands at its head, and comprises its board of managers—all "tried men and true." Some of those gentlemen make daily visits to the institution—looking into details and contributing to the welfare of its inmates.

And happy, indeed, is the wayfarer who finds shelter here. Tired from battling with the world, stranded in old age,

how gracious, how merciful to such must seem a home like this. Comfort has been considered I call its appointments—beds and bedrooms vieing favorably with the best in private life; a table bountiful and excellent—presided over by a kind and gentle matron who dispenses liberally and impartially to all. Contentment and happiness reign here supreme, as one knows who is familiar with the daily routine of the home.

This happiness broke into joy on Christmas Eve, when good Santa Claus made his appearance, laden with gifts for his aged children whose stockings he had often filled in the long ago. Yes, it was a pretty sight to see the dear old people actually joining hands and marching around the Christmas tree to the strain of "Should Old Acquaintance be Forgotten," played by an old gentleman on his violin—the matron, too, taking a part in the joyous occasion. Later, when good nights were about to be exchanged and "Merry Christmas" forthwith, the old gentleman once more tuned his violin, playing "Home, Sweet Home"—nor did this old familiar air bring one shadow to the aged brow, for all had found their "home, sweet home!"

Turkey, plum pudding, and all the ecceteras rounded up the first Christmas day at the Ruppert Home. And let all who hear the name of the Christian and Eleanora Ruppert Home accord it honor. This institution has claims on the public respect more than an ordinary degree, when it is considered that sacrifice was made by its founders that, long after their names were forgotten, the aged and indigent might have a home. The institution is a monument to their memory—a silent invocation to God for their eternal rest in that better land to which they have gone.

POSED AS A BARON, WITH DIRE RESULTS

Stover's Dream of Bliss Ended by the Police.

MOUNT HOLLY, Dec. 31.—Judge Gaskill released from jail this afternoon Frederick M. Stover, who had served a year in the county jail here after a plea of guilty to a charge of embezzlement. The crime was committed at Pemberton about two years ago, while Stover was in the employ of George Van Roden, a farmer.

To avoid arrest Stover went to Bremen, Germany, where he had relatives. Within a short time he was posing there as a German baron, being lavishly entertained by the relatives of Mrs. Muller, who was stopping with them, and formerly was a resident of Newark, N. J. Stover and Mrs. Muller were continually together. Before long their engagement was announced.

For some reason Stover decided upon a hasty return to America. He told Mrs. Muller to follow him, saying he would explain his hurried departure. She did as he requested, and upon her arrival in this country she was met by Stover and taken to a hotel in Philadelphia.

There she was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. J. Francis Bacon, who assured her that Stover was a German baron and a man of wealth. The couple were married two weeks after Mrs. Muller arrived.

No suspicion was aroused when Stover asked his bride for \$4,000 left her by her first husband. The money was handed over in gold and squandered on a wedding trip.

The woman was abandoned after the money ran out, and Stover, as well as the Bacons, were arrested. Their case has never been tried, but Stover was brought here to face the embezzlement charge. It is not known whether the Philadelphia authorities will now again arrest him.

COUNT TOLSTOY BETTER, ALTHOUGH YET WEAK

Is Correcting "Appeal to Clergy of All Countries"—Indictment of Ecclesiastical Error.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—Count Tcherkoff, agent in England of Count Tolstoy, has received a telegram stating that the distinguished author is much better, though he is still experiencing a certain amount of weakness.

Tolstoy is at present busy correcting "an appeal to the clergy of all countries," which will shortly be published, and which is described as a most powerful indictment against ecclesiastical error.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY WANTS A GOOD CATCHER

ITHACA, Dec. 31.—Coach Hughey Jennings has announced that baseball practice at Cornell University will begin about February 6.

Cornell will have to develop a new catcher to take the place of Whinery, who graduated last year. Hunt and Tydemar are the two most promising candidates. Brown, at second base, also graduated, and Henderson, one of the pitchers, did not return to the university. Chase and Bristol, Cornell's two most reliable pitchers, are back, while Lefevre, a freshman twirler, may make a valuable man.

Captain Costello thinks conditions are fairly favorable for a good nine.

PURPOSED MERGER OF SCOTCH FACTORIES ENDS IN FAILURE

LONDON, Dec. 31.—An attempt, which has been in progress for some time past, to combine the iron factories of West Scotland, has failed. Several of the manufacturers backed out at the last moment.

FREE BULLFIGHT ENDS IN PANIC AND DEATH

Circus Stamped When Manager Turns Out Lights.

MADRID, Dec. 31.—A panic with fatal consequences occurred at a bullfight at the Equestrian Circus today.

The bullfight was a free one, given by the manager. The spectators became enraged at one of the matadors, who was unable to kill a bull, and threatened to destroy the circus.

The manager released two other bulls, and turned out the lights. The bulls, bellowing furiously, stampeded through the circus.

The spectators became panic-stricken and in their efforts to escape, trampled on each other. Finally, the police arrived, and ordered the lights relit.

Three persons were killed and fifty-two others injured. The manager was arrested.

"YOUNG CORBETT" TO MEET AUSTIN RICE

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Dec. 31.—Austin Rice has been matched to meet Young Corbett before the Whittington Park Athletic Association, in the city, January 12. The details were arranged today by Manager Milligan after wiring to Rice's manager.

Kid Broad and Parson Davis have reserved apartments at Hughes Villa, where Broad will train for his contest with Battling Nelson the latter part of January.

NEW BISHOP OF CHICAGO TO BE SUPREME IN DIOCESE

ROME, Dec. 31.—The Propaganda has decided that Bishop Quigley, who was recently nominated as Archbishop of Chicago, shall